Copy. John Brown to his Wife.

"Springfield, Mass. / March 7. 1844.

My Dear Mary, It is once more Sabbath evening, and nothing so much accords with my feelings as to spend a portion of it conversing with the partner of my own choice, and the sharer of my poverty, trials, discredit, and sore afflictions; as well as of what of comfort and seeming prosperity has fallen to my lot: for quite a number of years. I would you should realize that notwithstanding I am absent in body I am very much of the time present in spirit. I do not forget the fervid attachment of her who has remained my fast, and faithful affectionate friend, when others said of me — "Now that he lieth, he shall rise up no more." When I reflect on these things, together with the very considerable difference in our age, as well as all the follies and faults with which I am justly chargeable, I really admire at your constancy; and I really feel notwithstanding I sometimes chide you severely that you are really my better half. I now feel encouraged to believe that my absence will not be very long. After being so much away, it seems as if I knew pretty well how to appreciate the quiet of home. There is a peculiar music in the word, which a half-years absence in a distant country would enable you to understand. Millions there are who have no such thing to lay claim to. I feel considerable regret by turns that I have lived so many years, and have in reality done so very little to increase the amount of human happiness. I often regret that my manner is no more kind and affectionate

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to those I really love and esteem; but I trust my friends will overlook my harsh, rough ways when I cease to be in their way; as an occasion of pain and unhappiness.

In imagination I often see you in your room with Little Chick, and that strange Anna. You must say to her that Father means to come before long and kiss somebody.

I will close by saying that it is my growing resolution to endeavor to promote my own happiness by doing what I can to render those about me more so. If the large boys do wrong call them alone into your room, and expostulate with them kindly, and see if you cannot reach them by a kind but powerful appeal to their honor. I do not claim that such a theory accords very much with my practice; I frankly confess it does not; but I want your face to shine even if my own should be dark and cloudy.

You can let the family read this letter, and perhaps you may not feel it a great burden to answer it, and let me hear all about how you get along.

Affectionately Yours,

(Signed) John Brown."

[I have had the above copied for you entire, as I think it a very characteristic letter, honourable for its candour, frank confessions, and generous sympathies. S. M. P.]

[*** The following letter from Ruth Thompson to her father, John Brown, is of such interest, as illustrative of family character, that I venture to send you a copy of it. I think you need not hesitate to use it, or portions of it, though she be living.]

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North Elba. Feb. 20. 1858.

My Dear Father; Your letter of January 3d we received this week; it having laid in the office a week. Oliver went to the office and got our news, there were two letters for me, but the post-master did not give him yours. We did not get it this week in time to answer it, or we should have done so immediately. I am sorry for such a delay. We were rejoiced to hear that you were so near us, and we hope that you can visit us yet before leaving York State. It really seems hard that we cannot see you when you have been gone so long from home, yet we are glad that you still feel encouraged. Dear Father, you have asked me rather of a hard question. I want to answer you wisely but hardly know how. I cannot bear the thought of Henry leaving me again, Yet I feel that I am selfish. When I think of my poor, despised sisters, that are deprived of both husband and children, I feel deeply for them, and were it not for my little children, I would go most anywhere with Henry, if by going, I could do them any good. What is the place you wish him to fill? How long would you want him? Would my going be of any service to him, or you? I should be very glad to

be with him if it would not be more expense, than what good we could do. I say we could I not do something for the Cause?

Henry's feelings are the same that they have been he says, "tell Father that I think he places too high an estimate on my qualifications as a scholar and tell him I should like much to see him." I wish we could see you and then we should know better what to do, but will you not write to us and give a full explanation of what you want him to do? + + + + + +

Please write often. your affectionate daughter

(signed) Ruth Thompson."

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